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but the commemorative poems lack somehow the pulse and vitality of the rest of his work, and even the poem on "Ireland" falls short of this great poet's high average.

The same qualities of fine perception, keen satire, conscientious craftsmanship, that many years ago set William Watson in the front rank of English poets are still to be discerned in his latest collection of poems.* The volume must be particularly interesting to Americans, since it contains not only the poet's just arraignment of a frivolous woman using her powerful position for ignoble purposes, which kept the newspapers busy with sensational gossip for months, but the poems "Criticism," "Hate" and "Thoughts on Revisiting a Centre of Commerce" might easily seem to allude to the same period. The "Sonnet to Richard Watson Gilder," which gave the sweet and lesser poet so true a joy, is another link in the book with our inhospitable shores. The "Sonnets to Miranda" are chiselled and perfect if always a little cold, lacking the rich color and warmth of the Rossetian sonnet. The volume is a thin one and contains no one poem worthy to set beside the poet's earlier "Wordsworth's Grave." It has, however, such lovely lyrics as "The Stones of Stanton Drew," "In Dreams," "The Churchyard in the Wold," "The Stream and the Farm," some fine sonnets and keen satires. William Watson wears the mantle dropped from the shoulders of the poet of "Empedocles on Ætna." A lucid explanation of Mr. Watson's method and his aims is contained in the little poem "Criticism."

"There were three critics: Slip and Slop
And Slapdash were their names;
And all three said: 'Your mission, sir?
Your message? and your aims?'

"Kind gentlemen, to tell the truth,
Nor color fact with fable,
My chief concern is just to write
As well as I am able.

"Mere honest work my mission is,
My message and my aim.'
'A man of words,' said Slip and Slop,
And Slapdash said the same."

* "New Poems." By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.

With Miss Guiney's volume* we have but one quarrel, and that is with the title. Why should we forecast so early an unwelcome parting? Miss Guiney is to America what Henley is to England. Her tendency has been too purely *belletristic* for her work to gain popularity, but at times she has struck the deep human note which gives a product eternal life. It may be said with a certain pride that such a poem as Henley's

"Out of the night that covers me"

could not be allowed to die; and the same is true of Miss Guiney's "The Kings" with its splendid culmination in the last lines,

"But fighting, fighting, fighting
Die, driven against the wall."

The poems "*Summun Bonum*," "*O Deo Optimo Maximo*," "*Beata Mortui*," stand among the great religious poems of the English language, not colored and laden with perfume as Francis Thompson's, but having a shadow of the same white light that blows about Vaughan's "Night" and "Eternity." Miss Guiney's poetry will live, and more and more we shall find the best of her thoughts and work in the more important anthologies. Twenty-four years ago Mr. Stedman spoke of Miss Guiney's lyrics as "artless ditties"; whatever she may have published to earn that title for them then, she now undoubtedly holds the palm as the most finished craftsman among living American poets.

Mr. Lodge, whose valuable work was cut short by untimely death, had already given us two volumes of much distinction; a series of sonnets entitled "The Great Adventure" and a poetic drama entitled "Herakles." The present volume† contains two occasional poems, a number of sonnets, two poems for which he borrowed Browning's titles "Life in a Love" and "Love in a Life"; a long poem, "Strength and Solitude," and an essay in difficult rhythm called "Faith." Mr. Lodge had in him the stuff of a poet, but he had not so far quite found himself. Here and there in his imagery is the breath of the East, more often a whiff of Browning or blown leaf from Tennyson, and in the

* "Happy Ending." By Louise Imogen Guiney. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

† "The Soul's Inheritance." By George Cabot Lodge. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.